

NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE



3 0642 00153 3044

2001

VOLUME 7

Mountain Laurels



ARCHIVES

LH

1

.M68

2001

c.2

Co-Editors	Jennifer Koch James Palmer
Editorial Board	Carol Chester Jessica Howie Jeffrey Lance Judson Wright
Faculty Advisors	Brian Corrigan Sandee McGlaun Gordon McNeer B. J. Robinson
Founding Sponsors	Sally Allen Brian Corrigan

Front Cover Photo: *Memory Lane* by Erin Quillian
Back Cover Photo: *Sideview Birds* by Jessica Matthews

Table of Contents

<i>This Manachian World</i> by April Duvall	4
<i>Study Time</i> by Leanne Edwards	5
<i>Falling Rome</i> by Anthony Montoya	6
<i>Old Shack</i> by Erin Quillian	9
<i>Calvin Klein—Creator of Fabricated Women</i> by Mateus Flournoy . .	10
<i>My Wedding</i> by Jennifer Koch	13
<i>The Toddler Poet</i> by Jennifer Koch.	13
<i>Men</i> by MLT	14
<i>1 of Gold Rush Series</i> by MaryJane Bryant	15
<i>Unfulfilled</i> by Judson Wright.	16
<i>The Washing</i> by Amber Hooper.	17
<i>Adventures in Spit</i> by Kelly Herring	18
<i>Why Would I Cease to Care</i> by Kelly Herring	18
<i>Afternoon Heat</i> by MLT	19
<i>The Poem</i> by Debbie Martin.	19
<i>Metaphorical Retrospect... Or is it?</i> by Judson Wright.	20
<i>Cercyonis Pagala, or The Wood Nymph</i> by April Duvall	21
<i>Eulogy to Five Goldfish</i> by Alisha Stephens	22
<i>My First Love</i> by Erin Quillian	23
<i>Unsweet Tiger</i> by Carol Chester.	24
<i>The First Semester</i> by Erin Wilensky	24

Table of Contents

<i>Meye Thuhms</i> by Olivia Odom	25
<i>Progress</i> by Leanne Edwards	26
<i>"Hair"itage</i> by Renata La'trice Hicks.	27
<i>Portrait of Palonia</i> by Debbie Martin	27
<i>The Last Departure</i> by Josh McCall	28
<i>Pearl of Great Price</i> by Josh McCall	28
<i>Time for a Change</i> by Brian Aycock	29
<i>Spring Symphony</i> by Heidi Newkirk	30
<i>Softly Falling Leaf</i> by Kristi Kelly	30
<i>Berries</i> by Emily Whitehead.	30
<i>Shadows 180 Days Long</i> by Amber Hooper	31
<i>Name Change</i> by Renata La'trice Hicks	32
<i>Unexpected Visitor</i> by Roumyana Petrova	33
<i>Fairy Dreams</i> by Suzanne Wareham	35
<i>Exercise de grammair</i> by Brian Mann	36
<i>Exercise in Grammar</i> by Brian Mann	37
<i>Burying Billy Yams</i> by Brian J. Corrigan	38
<i>Man On Dock</i> by David Bond.	39

This Manachian World

April Duvall

The little girl looks out her window and dreams.
A world of uncertainty stands before her.
Yet all she sees is goodness and pure things.

She sees the birds; somewhere, a woman screams.
She feels the breeze; a child is diseased without cure.
The little girl looks out her window and dreams.

She waves out the window on which she leans
To the man hiding a gun—his intent is so sure.
Yet all she sees is goodness and pure things.

She squints at the sun and the solace it brings
While somewhere the weather brings more disaster.
The little girl looks out her window and dreams.

The poor homeless child lives by any means;
The little girl dreams selfish ease just for her.
Yet all she sees is goodness and pure things.

Look out your window, child, and know what seems
Fair and just is likewise mean, bitter, vulgar.
The little girl looks out her window and dreams.
Yet all she sees is goodness and pure things.

Study Time

Leanne Edwards

I get up early to study.
I go and get my book.
My eyes begin to close,
So I get a cup of coffee.
I try to start again,
But my head is growing fuzzy.

My mind is very fuzzy.
I really need to study.
I read the page again,
But is this the right book?
I need some more coffee
So my eyes won't close.

I tell my eyes, "Don't close!"
But my vision's awfully fuzzy.
Oh, I drank all my coffee.
I need some more to study.
But now where is my book?
I start over again.

Now here I go again.
"Don't close! Don't close! Don't close!
Keep your eyes on the book."
My, the words look fuzzy.
I really can't study.
Time for some more coffee.

I drank all the coffee.
I've lost my place again.
I don't want to study.
My mind begins to close.
My tongue is very fuzzy.
I go and throw the book.

I go pick up the book
And make some more coffee
Even though my brain is fuzzy.
I start all over again.
My mind is going to close,
But I've got to study!

But fuzzy is the book,
And I study my coffee.
Once again, my eyes close.

Falling Rome

Anthony Montoya

"I'm being honest. With both of you, nothing but." The doctor lifts his backside to straighten the bunching material of his lab coat. His chair creaks backward with weight, forward as he leans to the desk. A self-portrait, high on the wall behind him, captures a scene of the doctor while he stands beside a lump of naked flesh on an operating table, and dark colors and deep shadows appear on the canvas like the only source of light erodes from a small lamp pointing upwards at it. The doctor's face slides into the same serious tone as his likeness portrays on that overseeing artwork. "So why don't we all be honest," he starts, dropping his glasses over everything the Costa family had filled out. There are enough different colored forms and questionnaires to hide the top of his desk. "What do you expect me to do?"

"Are you sure, Doctor?" Frank Costa pleads.

His wife, Carol, utters, "Yes, are you sure?" Her face is bound up and cringing with a painful look of rejection.

"Doctor?" Frank pushes out of his mouth.

"Have either of you looked in a mirror lately? I hate to be mean, to be brutally honest as they say, but you're leaving me no choice." The doctor bends the wire rim of his glasses over his ears, then abruptly shoots out, "You're both grotesquely overweight."

"I wrote on one of those papers that it was genetics. I have no control over this," Frank explains.

"Yes, and that's my point." The doctor's eyes shift towards Carol. With an impatient stare, he silently tells her that if she has anything to say about her weight condition she'd better say it now. She doesn't. She returns to the doctor with a puzzled brow. "You're overweight, Mrs. Costa." He emphasizes the word "overweight" and throws out his impatient stare again. "Mrs. Costa?" the doctor pronounces, leaning over the desk, waiting on her with his eyes.

She turns to her husband and presses her lips against his hand on her shoulder.

"See, this is all my point. Like right here, I see you only scored an average grade on our IQ test, Frank. And let me see." The doctor searches through the papers on his desk until he finds the one he's looking for, the one with her name on it. "Here we go, Carol. You scored below average."

"We can take the stupid test again to be sure."

"No, we'd see the same results," the doctor assures them through the paper he's holding up to his face.

"Hold on!" The exclamation bursts out from Carol. She slides a hand over her bulbous stomach and makes a "wooing" sound as if she is suddenly experiencing the fast decline of a rollercoaster. She makes the sound once more, drawn out with excitement, and Frank reaches down to touch the same spot on her belly.

"Is the little guy kicking," he asks.

Carol, with her "wooing" sound, nods her head up and down.

"Doctor, that's good, right?"

"Yes, that is so normal." The doctor's face becomes stern and disapproving, and he commands, "Let's get back to business. Frank, it says here you weren't anywhere near the athletic type you're hoping your boy will be."

"Nope. I wasn't," he admits.

The doctor cleans his glasses with the end of his brown tie before reading off from a list. "Cut from the football team. Didn't make the baseball team. Didn't make the basketball team."

"I can't jump very high."

"I see. And this is all really my point, like you couldn't make the swim team. I guess you couldn't run fast, either; it says you were cut from the track squad. It also says you once tried out for wrestling but quit after the first practice." Putting the paper down, he looks to Frank and asks, "Just curious, but why'd you quit?"

Frank shyly moves his head to the side. He focuses his eyes on an inanimate part of the room, that he's positive won't look back at him, then answers, "Because those wrestling uniforms."

"Uniforms?"

"Come on, you know how it is," Frank explains. "Those uniforms they make wrestlers wear are too tight. What if something were to happen on my body, every one would be able to see it. And around nothing but men, they'd all call me gay. I didn't want to take that chance."

His wife snickers, "That's silly. You've never been gay."

The doctor picks up a folder with her name on it. There's only one piece of paper in the folder, and when he opens it he has to snatch the paper out of the air as it tries to fall out. He points the paper at her. "You weren't very athletic, either, Carol."

"Nope."

"Maybe you two need to re-evaluate what you want," the doctor recommends.

Carol's round, pregnant belly touches the desk. When she stretches forward in her chair she hardly gets her arms to reach the oak trim on the edge of it. "Doctor, please."

"No," Frank interrupts. "He needs to shoot us straight. Are you saying our Stephen isn't going to be anything we want?"

The doctor picks up another folder. It's thick with paper. There is a picture of the sonogram. The doctor flips past that, and he also bypasses all of the paperwork with the baby's test results. He stops on the last page in the folder. Holding it up for the Costas, he says, "Here is what you said you wanted to have."

Carol looks at the doctor, but his striking face turns her towards her husband when she asks, "Is our Stephen going to be anything?"

"Not anything on this paper, which both of you stated as wanting."

Frank requests, "Now, how are you able to find out all of this, tell me again."

"Like I said. We get samples of blood and tissue."

"That's it? That can't possibly tell you all this."

"It does, Mr. Costa. I can even tell you Stephen will have brown eyes."

Carol shivers. She lets go of the desk and falls back into her chair with her rejected face turning to the side.

Be realistic, please. You both have brown eyes."

"What else?" Frank demands extra information with the way he repeats, "What else?"

"I can tell you Stephen won't grow over five feet six, maybe seven."

Carol looks up. Frank tilts his eyes down at her. The couple speaks to each other with their eyes. Their unmoving, unwavering eyes reflect off one another's for a long, silent moment, broken up by the doctor's chair creaking backward and forward. "Is there anything you can change?" Frank quickly asked. Urgency carries his voice. "Like, maybe move some of his genes or whatever they are, move them around."

"That type of technology won't be available for at least ten more years. But it'll be soon." The doctor has to control his sudden enthusiasm. It gives him a grin, which under the current circumstances, he tries to hide by rolling his chair around to face his self-portrait hanging on the wall.

The Costas are looking to each other one last time. Frank brushes her hair back. His failing attempt at a smile blows out of his mouth

with a sighing breath, which turns his whole face into a painful exaggeration of doubt. The doctor's chair slowly squeaks back, then forward as he turns to them. Frank lets go of his wife's hair, and a few, thin strands bounce back over her eyes.

After Frank shrugs his shoulders at her, Carol's head falls down as limply as the hand she moves away from her stomach. "Doctor, we'll be in the operating room."

"There can be problems doing this since she's only two months away."

Frank helps his wife up from the chair. "Like I told you, we'll be in the operating room."

"You have to sign this form first."

"Please, just bring it with you." The Costas leave the door open after they shuffle out of the doctor's office.

Old Shack

Erin Quillian



Calvin Klein—Creator of Fabricated Women

Mateus Flournoy

We have all seen the ads. A super thin female model posing in a provocative manner who appears to be wearing her younger sister's clothes. These ads, plastered everywhere from billboards to Fuji disposable cameras, are the creation of Calvin Klein, one of the twentieth century's most renowned fashion designers. Calvin Klein is an ad pioneer who has been heavily criticized for his female models because they do not represent the average sized woman. Recent surveys reveal that the average woman is a size ten and does not exhibit physical perfection, a contradiction to every ad that Klein has created with his female models. Mothers who have daughters experiencing adolescence are particularly upset at Klein's ads because their daughters become convinced that the thinner one is, the more desirable she will appear to males. Because of the influence Klein's ads have on adolescent females, a survey by the American Anorexia Bulimia Association validates that there has been a dramatic increase within the last four years in the number of young females that suffer from anorexia because they attempt to imitate the models displayed in their surroundings. Due to Calvin Klein's desire to be an innovator of fashion advertisement, he displays wafer-thin models in their undergarments and bombards the public with his creation; however, Klein's ads tend to brainwash adolescent females into believing that only skinny women are desired by men.

Calvin Klein began his career as a fashion designer after he graduated from the New York School of Fashion in 1968; however, it was not until 1980 that the public learned of him. The year of 1980 was remarkable for Klein because Brooke Shields appeared in his ad campaign and began to establish him as one of the greatest pioneers in fashion advertisements. Critics often address Klein as "the first to do it or it doesn't happen" (www.bwscampus.com/School/Hist/ECON/Fashion/fash.html). One of the most infamous creations of Klein is the glamorization of the heroin chic. A heroin chic is a term that describes a waif-like model who appears to be hung over and with dark circles under glazed eyes. Klein's heroin chics became widely popular in 1997 because they were attractive to young people, especially females in

their teens. In the United States, where fashion is a major influence on society, there began a mainstream of protests trying to ban the heroin chic image before it depressed adolescent females about their own appearance and pressured them into going on an unnecessary diet. Nevertheless, the actions of the protestors came too late. A survey conducted by the American Anorexia Bulimia Association reveals that within the last four years there has been a dramatic increase in the number of anorexia cases.

Anorexia is a psychological eating disorder in which a person refuses to eat because they are under the impression that they weigh too much despite the fact that their body is emaciating. Young females ranging from twelve to eighteen-years-old are the traditional victims of anorexia because they are constantly bombarded with advertisements that feature stick-thin models; therefore, they mold their behavior and appearance from the magazines and try to achieve physical perfection. Mothers with adolescent daughters detest the fantasy atmosphere created by the fashion industry because it creates societal pressures which dictate that a woman must be thin in order to be beautiful. The pressures of a female to be thin are so powerful that a survey by *Seventeen* magazine disclosed that seventy-nine percent of all girls want to be thinner by the time they reach the sixth grade and that by the age of thirteen, eighty percent of girls have dieted (www.members.aol.com/lacille/eating.html).

In accordance with the *Seventeen* survey, the American Anorexia Bulimia Association researched the number of anorexia cases in the United States since the heroin chic image became glamorized. In 1996, there were five million cases of anorexia; however, when the heroin chic image was created by Klein in 1997, the number increased to eight million and rose again in 1998 to eleven million cases (www.aabain.org/home.html). The AABA uses their research to prove that there is a direct correlation between the image of models and anorexia cases. Because of the AABA's research, there are regulations on fashion advertising which advise designers to reduce the heroin chic image from their ads; nevertheless, the fashion industry continues to use models that are a size zero in clothing and emit the image of a perfect woman.

The waif-like models used by Calvin Klein contribute to the increasing number of anorexia cases among adolescent females as proven by surveys done by *Seventeen* magazine and the American Anorexia Bulimia Association. Adolescent females become victimized by the images in the advertisements because they mold their

behavior and image from their surroundings. Many people, especially the mothers of young daughters, want the models to represent the average sized woman; however, some critics note that the fashion industry will always be the target of social criticism because they are trying to sell the image, not just the product. So, what can be done to decrease the number of anorexic adolescent females and increase their self esteem so that they will not feel the urge to be waif-like in order to be desirable? Barbara White, a nutritionist, suggests that famous designers, such as Klein, should not feature "thin 'dead-looking' models wearing the latest fashions" (www.southmetronews.com/edit/news/sept97/news3-01.html). Instead, White believes that the models should resemble the average woman by being a size ten; therefore, adolescent females would not go to the extreme to try to achieve the fashion industry's perfect body. If Calvin Klein and other famous designers do decide to represent the average woman in their advertisements, many young females will be able to rid themselves of the pressure that makes them regard their body as hideous and love what God has blessed them with—a body that represents a real woman.

Works Cited

"Advertising in the Fashion World." *The Chronicle on the Web* 13 Jan. 1998. 27 February 2000 <<http://www.bwscampus.com/School/Hist/ECON/Fashion/fash.html>>.

"Anorexia." The American Anorexia Bulimia Association. 25 February 2000. <<http://www.aabain.org/home.html>>.

"Expert Battles Common Distortions About Diet, Eating Disorders." *The Highlands Ranch Herald* 19 Sep. 1997. 25 February 2000. <<http://www.southmetronews.com/edit/news/sept97/news3-01.html>>.

"Struggling With Anorexia." *Seventeen* 29 Nov. 1999. 26 February 2000. <<http://www.members.aol.com/lacillo/eating.html>>.

My Wedding

Jennifer Koch

Waiting, watching all the people,
People who have watched me grow,
One of whom I'll grow old with,
Daddy takes my arm,
Memories of love rush back to me,
My parent, my sister, my brother,
All smiling, waiting,
My true love waiting
I finally walk to him,
Walk through the pews
Of the people of my life,
To begin a new life,
One with him, one complete.

The Toddler Poet

Jennifer Koch

My favorite poet is a toddler who says:
God made pink clouds just for her.
My real name is Mommy.
Anger makes her grrrrr.
The wind dances on her shirt.
She looks like Pocahontas.
Playgrounds have too much dirt.
The Hunchback is beautiful inside.
To make rain, the sky cries.
When she cries, her heart hurts.
I'll live in her heart when I die.

Men

MLT

I made love to a man of ice,
Cold and clear with empty blue eyes,
Yet still I hugged him close and loved him dear,
Till the heat of my passion reduced him to nothing.

I made love to a man of ash,
Frail dark skin and hazel eyes,
His tears so soft and his hair so coarse,
Till the force of my passion blew him apart.

I made love to a man of air,
Shining black hair and eyes like dawn,
All whispers and promises and sweet nothings,
Till the hunger of my passion swallowed him whole.

I made love to a man of mud,
Glowing skin and soft green eyes,
So clinging and needy and covered in filth,
Till the fear of my passion drove him away.

So now I stand alone in an ocean of men,
Blonde hair and gray eyes,
Seeing the world through tainted glasses,
Till the need of passion sends me hunting again.

1 of Gold Rush Series

MaryJane Bryant



Unfulfilled

Judson Wright

a word,
absurd,
unspoken,
unheard,
behind closed doors
and dampened floors
where no one else could hear it.

and yet
somehow
it sat
and now
it's grown
and fear takes over

this word
unspoken,
absurd,
unheard,
on dampened doors,
behind closed,
now locked doors
becomes a matter of life and death

the man
who spoke
then re-awoke
with too little
too late
today,
knows not what he's done
what has begun
from this word spoke
in a quiet, nonchalant way.

the fire comes down
without a sound
guns
crying
then none;
all from this word
unspoken,
unheard,
quite absurd
and never occurred
to cause one
this much trouble.

the man
is dead,
crouched in his bed,
kaput, kablooey,
fiñe.

so what was this word?
this word unheard?
unspoken and yet so absurd?

only the dead
crouched in his bed
can answer this riddle,
too bad.

The Washing

Amber Hooper

I work. hard.

Dirt mixes with sweat,
Forming a new layer of skin.
Grime builds up until I no longer recognize myself.
That is, until the washing.

Soap mixes with water,
Taking away the layers of protecting grime.
The day falls away from me,
Flowing back into the earth.
So begins the washing.

I wash the condescension from my face,
The unkindness from my hands.
I wash the neglect from my cold shoulders,
The judgment from my mind, the hate from my heart.
And suddenly,
I am me.

I am clean,
Able to see the purity of my heart.
I am no longer the grease in society's machine.
I am my own person, my own authentic self.

And so every day I work. Hard.
If only to continue this ritual.
This washing.

Adventures in Spit

Kelly Herring

Adventures in spit
To recapture a thing
That was long since drained of blood.
And any essence that's lingering
Lingers as a scab-covered lie
For all the little things lost,
And mistaken friends (poison's best disguise)
Staring at me
All covered in the ash from your burnt existence.
Frightened eyes smile a nameless pain
Into the fire held in mine,
And wearying lessons sigh,
Because my only weakness is blame.

Why Would I Cease To Care

Kelly Herring

Why would I cease to care
And instead be afraid
Of what may truly be
Behind such guarded eyes
Such a trusted smile...?

Do you drive me away
Like I create my own shame?
I am my own source of blame
For failing to distinguish
Between You
and what You are.

Afternoon Heat

MLT

Sitting outside in the afternoon heat
Under a large oak tree
Wisps of Spanish moss flowing in the breeze
Slowly swinging in a hammock
Eating a beautifully round orange
As it is peeled
The acidic mist explodes into the air
As it is eaten
The juice runs down your hands
Making a sticky mess
Picked right off the tree
Still warm from the rays of the sun
A perfect snack while sitting
In the afternoon heat

The Poem

Debbie Martin



Metaphorical Retrospect... Or is it?

Judson Wright

Control

There is something that should be said
For people with no head...
They're dead.

Broken Alarm

Sitting under the Poa tree,
When something nudges me subtly.
I tilt my head,
Then fall out of bed;
Damn it, I'm late for work!

What?

A cone shaped rod in a little box,
Four sides smooshed into one.
"What is it?" you ask,
Well how should I know?
I hate the sun.

Torture Chamber Blues

Wasting time by writing rhyme
Is never pretty,
But is a little bitty
Bit relaxing, unless of course it's under
duress...
Let me out of this rack!!

Why Drugs Are Outlawed

If there e'er was a time for doubt,
It was my first taste of sauerkraut...
My spelling is off,
So are my pants;
Anyone seen my cat?

How to Live a Life Without Pain...

Die young.

Man, I'm Bored and My Head Hurts

People say I'm dark, I'm "psychotic"
My writing that is to say...
But they don't know the real me,
Nor will they ever,
For now they're doomed to live in my
closet for the rest of their lives.

Beauty

Bea(quant
un char
acter
Istic th
at ac
count
s for
the
exist
ence and
life
time of t
he

up
silon part
ide)uty

Cercyonis Pagala, or The Wood Nymph

April Duvall

Hail,		oh fair
wood nymph!		Perched upon
the bough of		a pink lady's
slipper. As I now		walk through this
field stirred with		serene life, your ever-
simple yet Majestic	Beauty	stirs me, refreshes me
abides in me. Indeed,	divine	is your existence — yet
hardly enough appre	ciated.	I imagine that if you were
human an aesthete you would be,		constantly reminding us
of that which we often overlook;		the sweep of a brush-
stroke in a great masterpiece, the gleam in a child's eye,		or the glance exchanged by lovers unaware of what
		great plane of emotion and passion lies
before them. You kiss the lips of buttercups daily,		
flirt with the concubines, and make wingèd parade		
'round the cordial day lily. Tiny Muse of happy		
flight, make me an		instrument of your
message! Before you		flutter away home to a
family of other blessed		satyridae, grant me just
one request: teach me		to embrace this world,
as you so do, with		sweet simplicity.

Eulogy to Five Goldfish

Alisha Stephens

To our five golden, scaly fish,
Who were never once lain upon a dish,
We wish you all the best
As you enjoy your final rest.

The price was a mere twenty cents
So we bought you without pretense.
You swam so happily for a while,
But perhaps you'd have preferred the Nile.

For it was not long
Until you were gone.
Alas, as with all living things, death
Came to steal your final breath.

We had to flush you down the toilet.
you spun as fast as a speeding bullet.
So now you're swimming in that pond in the sky,
Where you can swim forever and never die.

My First Love

Erin Quillian



Unsweet Tiger

Carol Chester

Sumatran Tiger, orange black fierce
Envy of the jungle
King of carnivorous beasts
Sneaking long on four feet.
Magnificent animal
With lots of sharp teeth.

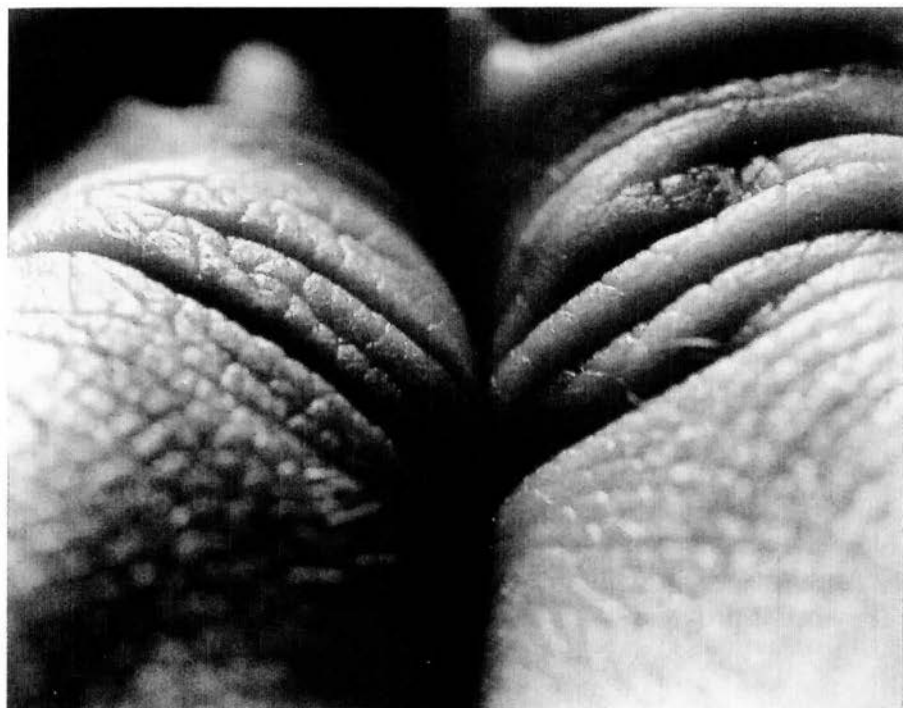
The First Semester

Erin Wilensky

Chocolate, chow hall, and late night pow-wows,
Instant message, e-mail, and computers that fail,
Men In Black, My Best Friend's Wedding, and JAG,
Duty, Honor, Country and Blue and Gray all the way,
And don't forget retreat and reveille.
Of course, there are perimeter alerts, meetings under the table,
and many Wal-Mart fables.
Who could ever forget Glasses-boy, Marie Boy, and GlowBoy?
Helen, Stone Mountain, and late night Atlanta,
Blue zone, Green zone, and parallel parking,
Long distance calls, the 1 a.m. bell, and roommates from hell,
Tests, and quizzes, and irate professors,
And this has only been the first semester.

Meye Thuhms

Olivia Odom



Progress

Leanne Edwards

I used to drink water from a well;

Cold and clear, it came from the ground.

Now I drink from the water system;

Chlorinated and fluoridated, it comes from pipes.

They call it progress.

Our waste used to compost in the ground;

Decomposed, it nourished the land.

Now it goes into the sewer;

Chemically treated, it is dumped into the lake.

They call it progress.

I used to live on a dirt road;

A chance to slow down and chat with neighbors.

Now the road is paved

And I dodge traffic in order to check the mail.

They call it progress.

"Hair"itage

Renata La'trice Hicks

The era of the Africana woman:
Shouting the erupted "yee, yee, yees" and dancing along the narrow bulges
of the Congo,
these dark women make their appearance with their natural locks.
Twisted and rolled and transformed and knotted into anything and everything
that reminds them of the sacrifices and triumphs.
As hot as the timeless pulsating star that keeps the heart pacing
and the sweat beads falling,
comes the hot comb apparatus that makes the curly kinks straight.
As a result, hair would sway like a jazzy Ella tune, "funky bebop chebop,"
while a piccolo trumpet bellows by and by in a cool nightclub on
Lenox Avenue during the Renaissance. Smooth.
And then it all comes back to being au naturelle in an all natural world
with bantu knots, afro puffs, rastafarian dreads, and nappy heads.
Like the lingering erupted "yee, yee, yees";
the funky "bebop chebops";
and finally the urban "hip-hop hoorays,"
our hair will transform our happiness into a hysteria of heritage.

Portrait of Palonia

Debbie Martin



The Last Departure

Josh McCall

My love and I sat brooding in a cove,
when darkness covered the opening at leaving of love;
sudden dreary drooping our eyes down shed
the tears of years and yesterdays now dead.

Deadly stillness through twilight tears
and laughs away my shame, my fears,
that all my sorrows, every pain,
could never be lived with her again.

Pearl of Great Price

Josh McCall

He was right, that God-forsaken Man of Galilee;
A man's heart is where his treasure be.
All he would leave to have in thrall.
That goodly pearl for whom he daily surrenders all.

No matter what mad humanity of God has made,
Life and love remain very much a trade,
And ev'ry hour another mistress barter for a soul
That longs under brazen skies her fiery heart to hold.

Time for a Change

Brian Aycock

They were branded traitors for their goals,
But fought bravely, from the mountains to the shoals.
Their chief complaint was failure to represent,
But the tax they paid was only five percent.

They shed their blood, and that of their sons,
But they believed enough to battle the Huns.
They questioned not the high price they would pay,
But boldly, their blood for liberty they gave.

Centuries past and our ways have changed,
Now to depose your rulers seems inhumane.
But I need no bloodshed to achieve my aim,
The pen's might over the sword is still the same.

So when I ask that you heed my call,
Let never a drop of your people's blood fall.
Rather, let us no longer ask for reform,
But demand that the change pour out like storm.

I am the child of Enlightenment,
Borne out of the history of government,
I am driven by passion, oppression, fear,
Anger and frustration falling on deaf ears.

My blood is that of the common man,
Under whose brilliant, red flag I proudly stand.
I no longer need the club, the sword, the gun,
But through knowledge and wisdom my fight is won.

Hear my words, "I wish no man to die."
But our Nation can do more than just get by.
Like a peaceful Garibaldi, we'll unite to reach our aim.
Freedom is my battle cry,
And Revolution is my name.

Spring Symphony

Heidi Newkirk

A Peaceful gaze catches the blossom on the tree.
Oh, Symphony around me, above and below
Mountains surround me, with heaven's green glow
Happy Solitude, but I am not alone
In a creation which produced such a song.

Softly Falling Leaf

Kristi Kelly

Softly falling leaf
Ripples disturb the stillness
The glass is broken

Berries

Emily Whitehead



Shadows 180 Days Long

Amber Hooper

I enjoy shadows.

I began thinking about shadows last Halloween.

Dad died.

The preacher said to keep moving.

So I did.

Thanksgiving found me crawling.

On Christmas morning, all I could do was paw at the ground.

In late January, I hugged Mama as she talked of Daddy.

In late February, I cried "Happy 83rd Birthday" as I scattered Dad's ashes.

March fond me hoeing Dad's old potato patch.

And in April, I saw a light where a long, dark shadow had been for 180 days.

Old American Indians said Death was always right behind us.

I never saw him coming.

I laugh out loud,

Thinking of Daddy and Jesus,

Admiring Heaven's Tater Patch.

I think of how the Shadow of Death is a mighty long shadow.

But I am standing on a hill,

In a brightly shining light.

The Dark Shadow indeed has an end.

Name Change

Renata La'trice Hicks

Savages, we were called at first,
before being stolen from our "real" freedom and taken to our "false" one.
Having the hair like the "ungrateful dread"
that was locked into a floating jail cell,
we were shipped to our home, bitter home.

Nigger was our second name after they rid us of our real one.
We were well known by then;
people would admire our look and then they'd buy it,
literally.
The idiosyncrasy of us being defined as irresponsible
and ignorant was idealistic:
the reality was relentless, for we were a reliance to their young
and we were robbed of our own.

Interestingly enough, we were then named "colored":
maybe because we were beaten to a bloody red pulp,
beaten until we obtained the bluish bruises,
all started by the white one.
Colorful REDS, WHITES, and BLUES—all put on the American Pride.

Allah allowed us to establish ourselves and we rendered the names
Negro, Black, and African American.
Negro reminded us all too much of nigger, while
Black was just another "colorful" word missing from the American Pride,
of course.
Some say African American takes us back to the jungle,
where we hung like monkeys and acted like wild baboons.

So, who are we?

Unexpected Visitor

Roumyana Petrova

It was five in the afternoon. The mellow September sun threw patches of light on the homespun woolen blanket on the bed by the window. Under it a body was lying, a man. His quiet breathing was the only sound that filled the room. Boyan was waiting. Tsena, his wife, had gone out. More than half an hour had passed, but she wasn't back yet. Oh well, she had said they needed some groceries, but the grocery store was just a couple of minutes away from their home. Where on earth could she have gone? Perhaps she had stopped for a chat with that talkative neighbor again, what was her name... Boyan shifted in his bed impatiently. Then, suddenly remembering he could not get up alone, he decided to forget it and dozed off again.

It was the seventh year since Boyan had been part of this bed, a still living and breathing piece of furniture in their home. Each year his state got worse and worse as—one by one—he was losing parts of himself. He could no longer use his limbs, his memory, or his speech. Tsena had become body and soul for him. She was his legs, his hands, his eyes, his hearing and his thinking. They had become a mother and her big, old, helpless baby. During the first year or two after the stroke, he could still stand up alone, and, each morning and evening, supported by her, could go outside and walk half a mile or more. For him, these walks were the essence of the day. While he dragged his feet unsteadily along the quiet streets, he would look eagerly around, absorbing each detail with the thirsty amazement of a child: the wet leaves and the shiny chestnuts on the ground, the dark trunks of the trees, the soft shadows they threw on the sidewalk, the people noiselessly scurrying past them, the children running around, their shrieks piercing the milky whiteness of the morning, the twittering sparrows darting in all directions, the dogs on leashes, which in the early morning hours were eagerly pulling their drowsy owners behind them. But his greatest joy would be to see an old friend of his, also tottering with a walking stick, or held by a spouse. Then they would stop and start talking, always about the past. And—they would get transformed! The spirit of the past would make their eyes sparkle, the piping, squealing sound in their voices would disappear and would be replaced with a loud, sonorous, proud, manly speech. They would chat and chat, gesticulating and interrupting each other, oblivious of their companions, of the time, of the pain in the back, of the sudden

weakness that would overwhelm them and make them—ashamed—hastily take a leave and head for home, to their last refuge—the bed.

Well, it wasn't so bad then, five years ago, he thought. But then, several more strokes followed till he was turned into a still warm, living corpse, who spent the better part of the day half dreaming, half sleeping.

Tsena gradually became chained to this room, to this bed, twenty-four hours a day. Theirs has been a very happy married life, and a very long one too—fifty years. But this body lying out there was no longer her darling Boyan, her beloved husband. This was a fragment, a sad memory of the honest, brave, energetic man. The inarticulate mumbling with which he asked for water, or about the time, or for his undergarments to be changed—as if she didn't know she had to do it—the faint smell of rotting flesh filling the place, the many dreary little chores she had to perform day and night—all this was slowly draining her energy. But most of all she suffered from the deep feeling of revolt she felt against her fate. The bitter anger at this rotting body, to which she had been chained for what seemed like an eternity, surprised her. She was ashamed for feeling angry. She was ashamed she felt such hatred towards the blind fate that had put all her patience and goodness on trial. She was ashamed of the wrong choices she had made. And then, all of a sudden, all this pain and shame would melt and turn into pity and love.

The lock turned and clicked. Boyan woke up with a start. Here she is! At last! Now she would go to the kitchen to put the milk in the fridge and the bread in the breadbox. Then she would come to him.

"Mother!" he called.

"Coming, dear. A minute."

A few minutes passed. Oh, what the hell is she still doing there? Why doesn't she come to him!

Slowly the door opened and a flood of sunlight coming from the kitchen filled the whole place. He could see her little feet shod in clean, carefully mended homemade slippers, walking unsteadily towards him. She was carrying a tray. On it, there were two pieces of chocolate cake, two bowls of ice cream, and two pieces of tangerine.

"Let us celebrate, dear," she said. "Try to get up. Today is an important anniversary. Fifty years ago we got married. Come on, darling, try to get up."

His face beamed. He started pulling himself up, straining himself as best he could. Tsena laid the tray on the bedside table and started helping him to sit up. This took what seemed like hours. Then she put

one more cushion behind his back, tucked a clean white napkin under his chin, and started feeding him in the mouth. Everything tasted good. He swallowed slowly, looking at her with his bright, hazel eyes. From time to time, Tsena would wipe the corners of his mouth and would continue giving him one spoonful after another.

This went on for some time. It was so quiet in the house! Too quiet, one might say. Still, they had the feeling they were not alone, although neither of them had heard, or seen, or noticed anything or anyone. But something—someone—was there, with them! Tsena looked around. Nothing. She did not, could not see the strange newcomer, who had appeared noiselessly from somewhere and was now sitting in the old armchair in the corner, watching them quietly. He looked like a young man, but his clothes were very unusual and so was the serene, amused expression on his face. This was a stray angel, a friendly soul, who had flown here to tell Boyan and Tsena not to worry. To just love and not to worry.

Fairy Dreams

Suzanne Wareham



Exercice de grammaire

Brian Mann

Ô Montagne

Tu nous l'as emportée avant qu'elle fût prête.

Jeune, en fleur, elle avait tenté tes flancs, rongé tes crevasses, empaumé les rondeurs de tes pierres.

Humide, l'été, elle avait arrosé tes cirques de ses larmes et de sa transpiration brûlantes; glacée, l'hiver, elle avait frissonné sur tes cimes et à tes pieds sibériens.

Desséchante mais frigide, tu restas tranquille.

Nous te l'avons amenée avant qu'elle fût prête.

Printanière, fleurissante, tu l'as accueillie sur tes sentiers, engloutie dans tes grottes, déchirée de ton impassibilité ignée.

Pluvieuse, l'été, tu trempais ses épaules de tes pleurs et de tes rosées refroidis; brillante, l'hiver, tu t'écroulais sous ses pieds et ses genoux enthousiastes.

Circonspecte mais friande, tu restas tranquille.

Il l'a emmenée avant que nous fussions prêts.

Étranger, osé, il t'a défiée les hauteurs, il t'a fouillée les profondeurs, encouragé par ta dureté montagnarde.

Jalouse, en octobre, tu as annulé leur espoir avec tes déchets et ton haleine anonymes; injurieuse, en novembre, tu as caché leurs traces et leurs visages inoubliables.

Fâchée mais respectueuse, tu restas tranquille.

Nous te la ramenons maintenant que nous sommes prêts.

Automnale, égoutté, tu l'absorbes dans ta domaine, tu la berces dans tes vallées, tu l'effaces sous tes rochers écraseurs.

Maternelle, présentement, tu caresses son corps de tes ruisseaux et tes feuilles dorés; protectrice, éternellement, tu entoures son être de ta présence et ton immensité immuables.

Avide mais confiante, tu restes tranquille.

Tu nous lui enverras aussitôt que nous soyons prêts.

Réveillée, vivante, tu nous réuniras sous ton manteau, tu nous avaleras dans ton ventre, inhalés par tes poumons chloroformes.

Orageuse, l'été, tu infuseras nos vestiges de tes bruines et tes filets acides; boréale, l'hiver, tu nous couvriras de ton linceul et ton embrasse cristallins.

Victorieuse mais solitaire, tu resteras tranquille.

Ô Julie

Exercise in Grammar

Brian Mann

O Mountains

You took her away from us before she was ready.

Young, in bloom, she had tried your slopes, burrowed in your crevices, palmed the roundness of your stones.

Moist, in the summer, she had sprinkled your cirques with her tears and her burning dew;

Icy, in winter, she had shivered on your summits and at your Siberian feet.

Desiccating but frigid, you were silent.

We brought her to you before she was ready.

Springlike, flowering, you welcomed her upon your trails, swallowed her into your hollows, rent by your igneous impassibility.

Rainy, in summer, you wet her shoulders with your tears and your chilly dew;

Blazing, in winter, you crumbled beneath her feet and her enthusiastic knees.

Circumspect but fond, you were silent.

He took her away before we were ready.

Foreign, daring, he challenged your heights, he ransacked your depths, encouraged by your mountainous rigidity.

Jealous, in October, you canceled their hopes with your rubble and your anonymous breath;

Hurtful, in November, you hid away their tracks and their unforgettable faces.

Angry but respectful, you were silent.

We are bringing her back to you now that we are ready.

Autumnal, squeezed dry, you are absorbing her into your domain, cradling her in your valleys, erasing her beneath your crushing rocks.

Maternal, here and now, you are caressing her body with your brooks and your golden leaves;

protective, eternally, you surround her being with your presence and your immovable immensity.

Eager but confident, you are silent.

You will send us to her as soon as we are ready.

Reawakened, lively, you will reunite us beneath your wraps, you will swallow us up into your belly, inhaled by your chloroform lungs.

Stormy, in summer, you will infuse our remains with your mists and your trickles;

from the north, in winter, you will cover us with your shroud and your crystalline embrace.

Victorious but alone, you will be silent.

Oh Julie

Burying Billy Yams

Brian J. Corrigan

I buried Billy Yams today
I dug up the dirt so grim.
I laid him down upon the ground
And fiffled dirt on him.

I fiffled dirt till it was deep,
Till Billy was below.
To choke on suckers at five years old
Is a rondilly way to go.

A rondilly way to go it is
And that's the way Billy went.
So I shaved back dirt and slid him in
With no voldroovian vent.

No voldroovian vent I made,
For Billy was below,
And air in graves at five years old
Is the mendiling way to go.

And mendiling Billy Yams was not
Though he choked on Tootsie Pops
He made a brave end at five years old
And there his greegravilain stops.

His greegravilain stopped all at once
When I fiffled his rondilly pride
But Mom has said to do this thing no more—
At least not again—until Billy has died.

—Ma'querie

Man On Dock

David Bond



Mountain Laurels
is made possible through the generous support of
North Georgia College & State University
Student Government Association.

